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OR

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By MARY SHAW

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# THE WOMAN OF IT

or

# Our Friends, the Anti-Suffragists

A SATIRICAL COMEDY IN ONE ACT

BY

MARY SHAW

CHICAGO

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

# THE WOMAN OF IT

## or

# Our Friends, the Anti-Suffragists

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MRS. ALLRIGHT—President of an Anti-Suffrage Club.
MRS. GRUNDY—A Member of one of our "oldest families."
MRS. PURE-DRIVEL—The Poetess of a "Lost Cause."
MRS. SWEET—An Ideal Wife and Mother.
MRS. GROUCH—A Dyed-in-the-Wool "Womanly Woman."
MISS NOODLE—Just a beginner at the "Womanly Game."
MISS MOORE—A Guest of the Club.
MISS BERRY—A Guest of the Club.
MISS FOSTER—A Guest of the Club.

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The fee for each amateur performance of this play is five dollars, payable in advance to the publishers.

APR 13 1914



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# THE WOMAN OF IT

*The Club room of an Anti-Suffrage Club. A table for the President to preside—with a gavel, paper, pencil and note book. Chairs for members and guests. Any number of club women can be used—only the six antis and three guests are necessary. President's table centre, with chair behind it. The six antis are seated on right after they enter. Guests on left. If more women are used, they can sit on either side of President—in a semi-circle facing audience. The audience represents the imaginary men on the Legislative Committee and all the cajolery is addressed to them.*

*At rise of curtain the stage is empty. Noise of women talking is heard outside. In a few seconds, Mrs. Allright enters, goes to table; busies herself arranging things for meeting. Miss Noodle enters with sketch of club motto in her hands.*

Miss Noodle.—Dearie—[*Kisses Mrs. Allright effusively on both cheeks*]. Here's the finished sketch of the motto. [*Hands her drawing.*]

Mrs. Allright [*Admiringly*]. It's perfectly lovely! So sweet of you! Oh, you darling! [*Kisses her again gushingly.*]

[*Enter* Miss Moore, Miss Berry *and* Miss Foster.]

Miss Moore. Well, Fanny, here we are.

Mrs. Allright [*Embracing* Miss Moore]. Oh, you dear; how sweet of you to come. How do you do, Miss Berry? [*Shaking hands.*] And Miss Foster, too—how well you are looking! This is our new club room. We

think it is just too sweet. Oh, allow me—Miss Noodle, may I present—Miss Moore—Miss Berry—Miss Foster. [*Miss Noodle shakes each lady's hand effusively.*] Sit here, please [*Indicating chairs to left of table*]. There will only be a few here this afternoon. It's a sort of rehearsal for the ladies who are to speak at the Hearing before the Legislative Committee. I thought it such a good chance for you to hear our most brilliant speakers give their reasons for opposing woman's suffrage. [*Goes to door and speaks off.*] Ladies, will you please come right in now. We must begin.

[*The women enter, chattering noisily—greet Miss Noodle and continue to laugh and chatter till Mrs. Allright calls them to order with the pounding of the gavel.*]

Mrs. Allright [*Rapping several times before she can get silence*]. Ladies, ladies, ladies, please. Here are three ladies who ought to join our Club. Miss Moore, Miss Berry, Miss Foster—ladies. [*Introduction acknowledged by mutual bows.*] They say they do not know whether they are anti-suffragists or not. But I know they are—for they are dear friends of mine—and lovely women. So I have invited them to hear the rehearsal for the Hearing before the Legislative Committee. [*Women begin to chatter as soon as she stops speaking.*] And, ladies, ladies, ladies, please. [*Rapping vigorously with gavel.*] Before we begin—Miss Noodle has designed our motto for us. [*Takes up sketch and shows it.*] She has taken our watchwords "I Love You," and "Oh, My Dear Baby," and placed them over two intertwined hearts, symbolic of the husband and the child. This is to be framed and hung in our clubroom.

Mrs. Sweet. Isn't that sweet of Miss Noodle?

Mrs. Grouch. She is such a dear!

Mrs. Pure-Drivel. How lovely of her!

Mrs. Allright [*Rapping for order*]. Ladies, all rise, please, and repeat the pledge. "I pledge myself to remember each day and remind other women every hour—"

Women [*Repeat in unison*]. "I pledge myself to remember each day and remind other women every hour—"

Mrs. Allright. "—that there are only two great moments in a woman's life—"

Women [*In unison*]. "—that there are only two great moments in a woman's life—"

Mrs. Allright. "—One, when she gives her first kiss to her lover—"

Women [*In unison*]. "—One, when she gives her first kiss to her lover—"

Mrs. Allright. "—the other when she gives her first kiss to her own little baby—"

Women [*In unison*]. "—the other when she gives her first kiss to her own little baby—"

Mrs. Allright. "—And, no matter what else she may have, what else she may gain—"

Women [*In unison*]. "—And, no matter what else she may have, what else she may gain—"

Mrs. Allright. "—the woman who misses these two great moments is still a failure."

Women [*In unison*]. "the woman who misses these two great moments is still a failure."

Mrs. Allright. Our Motto:—First great moment—"I LOVE YOU." Second great moment—"OH, MY DEAR BABY."

Women [*In unison*]. First Great Moment—"I LOVE YOU." Second Great Moment—"OH, MY DEAR BABY."

MISS FOSTER. There are no old maids in this club, I judge.

MISS BERRY. Oh, yes; while there's life—there's hope, you know.

MRS. GROUCH [*Rising*]. Mrs. President—

MRS. ALLRIGHT [*Rapping for order*]. Ladies, ladies, ladies, please—[*When talking stops*]. Mrs. Grouch.

MRS. GROUCH. I am a loyal anti-suffragist—and a firm believer in our pledge. But it just makes me tired to see how many "failures" among women, who never had the two great moments—manage to get so much credit. Yes, and from men, too, while we poor things who are busy doing our duty are taken as a matter of course—and hardly get a "thank you."

MRS. SWEET. Yes, that's so. It isn't fair.

MISS NOODLE.—Why is that, Dearie?

MRS. GROUCH. Look at that terrible old maid—Queen Elizabeth of England! I never heard any man say she was a failure. And in our own time—see the sickening gush over those old maids, Florence Nightingale—and Clara Barton—and Jane Addams—and Susan B. Anthony— [*Women cover their faces and groan.*]

MRS. GRUNDY. These women are exceptions, my dear. They may get praise—but they do not get reverence as we do.

MRS. GROUCH. Well—we may get reverence, tho' I have my doubts about that. But we don't get any statues erected to us, outside of the cemeteries, and they do.

MISS NOODLE. Well, I think that a woman who stands being an old maid all her life, deserves a statue. [*Women laugh and chatter.*]

MRS. ALLRIGHT [*Rapping for order*]. Ladies, ladies, ladies, please. We don't want statues nor praise. We

only want to be loved. To lavish love on something—even if the object is unworthy. To waste love if need be. For only when we love are we truly womanly.

MRS. GROUCH. You say we must waste love on the unworthy? Does that mean we must love those suffragists? [*Folding arms and looking cross.*]

MRS. ALLRIGHT. No, decidedly not. A true woman cannot love unworthy women. She can only love unworthy men.

MISS BERRY. Isn't that odd?

MRS. ALLRIGHT. No, Miss Berry, it is not odd. It is woman's mysterious nature.

MRS. PURE-DRIVEL. Mrs. President—

MRS. ALLRIGHT [*Rapping for order*]. Ladies, ladies, ladies, please. [*After quiet is restored.*] Mrs. Pure-Drivel.

MRS. PURE-DRIVEL. Perhaps you ought to select someone in my place to speak at this Hearing. I am divorced, you know. I did not waste any time or love on Duncan Pure-Drivel after I found out he was unfaithful. Of course, I did not know then that it was unwomanly to be indignant.

MRS. GRUNDY. My dear, I am permitting divorce now. Strictly among the very rich. Many of our best families are using it. But we selected you for your appearance. Unfortunately, there are so few womanly women who are stylish.

MISS NOODLE. Well—did you hear that?

MRS. SWEET. My word! I like that!

MRS. GROUCH. What a knock! [*Women protest to each other.*]

MRS. ALLRIGHT [*Rapping for order*]. Ladies, ladies, ladies, please. Mrs. Grundy only means that womanly women spend all their time loving and trying to be good.

MRS. GROUCH [*Angrily jumping up*]. I never had to try to be good. I always was good.

MISS NOODLE. So was I. The idea! Did you ever?

MRS. PURE-DRIVEL. I never was so insulted in my life! Telling me to my face that because I am stylish I am not good. [*Very indignantly.*]

MRS. GRUNDY. My dear Mrs. Pure-Drivel, you are that rarest thing on earth—a woman who is both good and stylish. [*Mrs. Pure-Drivel, soothed by compliment, sits down.*]

MRS. ALLRIGHT. Ladies, please—we must get to business. We are here today to listen to what our members are going to say to the Legislative Committee at the Hearing on the Question of Suffrage for Women. After the Suffragists have finished I shall make my opening speech. It's the same one I make every year. [*Throwing sheep's eyes at the audience, who are the committee.*] Gentlemen: A woman's proper place is at home. No true woman would ever leave it to come here and wrangle about politics. [*Applause.*]

MISS MOORE. Don't these men think it's funny that you do not stay at home, then?

MRS. ALLRIGHT [*Annoyed*]. Not at all. They know I am dragged here to uphold the cause of true womanhood.

MISS FOSTER. Why, who drags you here, Fanny?

MISS NOODLE. Yes; I'd like to know, too, who it is makes us do this unwomanly thing. My brother asked me why we Antis didn't stay at home and practice what we preach—and I couldn't tell him.

MRS. ALLRIGHT [*With a superior air*]. I have no time to go into that now.

MISS MOORE. Why do you bother about these other women voting, anyway?

MRS. ALLRIGHT. Because if they get the suffrage we will have to vote. And we'd rather die than vote.

MISS MOORE. Why will you have to vote if you do not wish to?

MRS. GRUNDY. Obey laws that women make? Never!

MRS. GROUCH. Not on your life! If they vote, we'll vote.

WOMEN [*Together*]. Yes, indeed. If they vote—we'll vote.

MRS. ALLRIGHT [*Beguilingly*]. Gentlemen, love is our religion. Husband—home—child. That is our Trinity. All the ladies opposed to Suffrage for Women, that I shall present to you today, are wives and mothers. Ah, those holy words—wives, mothers. They are all man's ideal woman. The utterly womanly. [*Women applaud as Mrs. Allright finishes.*] Gentlemen, this is Mrs. Sweet—an ideal wife and mother. [*Women applaud as Mrs. Sweet rises.*]

MRS. SWEET [*Embarrassed and giggling*]. Oh, dear! I am so nervous. I shall act like a fool.

MRS. GRUNDY. That's all right, my dear. Men expect women to act like fools. Mrs. President, I suggest that we all repeat the first commandment of the "womanly law," to encourage Mrs. Sweet?

MRS. ALLRIGHT. A splendid idea, Mrs. Grundy. Ladies, repeat the first commandment of the "womanly law," please.

WOMEN [*In unison*]. "Have as little brains as possible and don't use all you have."

MRS. GRUNDY. You'll make a great hit with the men. Mrs. Sweet.

MRS. SWEET [*Flattered*]. Oh, do you think so?

MISS MOORE [*To Miss Berry*]. She acts to me as if she had the smallest brain in captivity.

MRS. SWEET [*Putting on her sweetest manner, speaking to audience who represent committee of men*]. Gentlemen, I don't know anything about this old suffrage thing—and I don't want to know anything about it. [*Women applaud.*] But I do know that I have the best husband that ever lived. He loves me to distraction, and honestly, he thinks I am the only woman in the world. My babies are the cutest, dearest babies alive. My home is simply a paradise. So, why should I want to vote? What good would it do me?

MISS MOORE. Mrs. Sweet would not be compelled to vote, would she, Mrs. Allright?

MRS. ALLRIGHT. No, no, of course not. Go on, Mrs. Sweet.

MRS. SWEET [*Looks viciously at Miss Moore, then changes to sweet manner*]. Women were just made to be loved and protected by the strong arm of a loving husband.

MISS BERRY. Protected from what, Mrs. Allright?

MRS. ALLRIGHT. Well, um—er—er— I don't know exactly. But men are very sensitive on that point, Miss Berry. They all say that woman needs protection by the strong arm of man—and they know.

MISS MOORE. But don't they usually leave the job to the ordinary policeman?

MRS. GRUNDY. But the idea is very beautiful, don't you think so, Miss Moore? It is called Chivalry. Men say that they can't feel it if a woman claims to be their equal.

MISS BERRY. And the more inferior to them a woman is the greater they feel the chivalry—is that it?

MRS. ALLRIGHT. Yes.

MISS BERRY. Then a man feels more chivalrous to-

wards a scullery maid or scrub woman than he does to a society lady?

MRS. ALLRIGHT. Oh, no; I hardly think so.

MISS BERRY. Why not? The scrub woman is very much more his inferior than the society woman is.

MISS MOORE. Perhaps his chivalry extends a couple of notches below himself and then stops working.

MRS. ALLRIGHT. How very clever of you, dear, to figure it out for us.

MISS NOODLE. Why, I thought Chivalry was raising hats to women, carrying their wraps, and rising when a woman comes into the room!

MRS. GROUCH. Heavens, no! Those are just parlor tricks—like not eating with your knife.

MRS. GRUNDY. Ladies, you had better accept this ghost of a beautiful idea and ask no questions. Men are very sentimental, you know.

MRS. ALLRIGHT. Go on, Mrs. Sweet, please.

MRS. SWEET. Real women don't want to think. They just want to bloom beside man in the home and shed the fragrance of their womanhood over his troubled life—as The Ladies Home Twaddle so beautifully expresses it. [*Sits amidst great applause.*]

MRS. GRUNDY. Why she is positively inspired! Ladies, I predict that Mrs. Sweet is going to be one of our finest speakers.

MRS. ALLRIGHT. I agree with you, Mrs. Grundy. But may I suggest, dear, that you leave out the question—"What good will it do me to vote?" Never give those suffragists a loophole to get in their old statistics. We find it far safer to keep to mossgrown platitudes about husband, home and children. Then they can't corner us.

Miss Noodle. Oh, Mrs. Sweet, aren't you going to tell your lovely story?

Mrs. Sweet. Oh, Mrs. President, I forgot my lovely story!

Mrs. Allright. Oh! Do tell it, Mrs. Sweet.

Mrs. Sweet [*Rising, beguilingly*]. Gentlemen: I knew a suffragist once. Like all of them, she neglected her husband and home. Sometimes she never saw her baby girl for weeks together. An ignorant nursemaid took entire charge of her. The woman spent all her time at suffrage clubs. One day, as she was crossing a park, she saw a baby carriage with a baby in it tipped up against a tree. A jar would have thrown it over. The poor little frightened cherub was crying piteously. She righted the carriage and tried to soothe the poor, frightened darling. A nursemaid, who had been talking to a policeman, came running towards her. She was just about to demand the address of the mother to report what she had seen— Oh, gentlemen, it was her own nursemaid. And that miserable, neglected, angel baby was her own child. [*The six antis are weeping.*] She had seen it so seldom that she did not recognize it. Think of it, gentlemen—a mother not to know her own baby! That is what will happen in every home if these women get the suffrage. [*Sits.*]

Mrs. Allright. That is a terrible story, Mrs. Sweet, and only too true.

Miss Moore. Have the men on the committee any sense of humor?

Mrs. Allright. I really can't say. I'm afraid I do not know what a sense of humor is. Does any anti know what a sense of humor is?

Women [*In turn*]. No—no—no—no. What is it?

Mrs. Allright. You see, nobody here knows what it is, Miss Moore.

Miss Moore. Yes, I see.

Mrs. Allright. Gentlemen, our youngest anti, who will plead with you for the "Girl of the Future," Miss Noodle, gentlemen.

Miss Noodle [*Rising, beginning shyly and gradually getting very modern and familiar*]. Gentlemen, I am a girl—so I want to say a word for the "Girl of the Future." Her fate is in your hands. Men will not marry when women claim to be their equals, and pretend to think and try to earn real money. So there will be no husbands nor homes for the poor girls of the future if these suffragists get what they want. I think it's real mean and selfish of women who have had the two great moments to try to do us girls out of them. It's just pure spite—that's what it is. My brother says there isn't a woman a man would look at twice who wants to vote. He says these suffragists are all disappointed old maids or "gone to seed" married women. You men are wise to them, my brother says. Please don't take any stock in their saying they are going to do fine things for the future race. Why, there will not be any future race if they keep on. What's the use of girls anyway except for men to make love to? Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen—please fix it so the girl of the future will have a show. [*Great applause as she sits down.*]

Mrs. Allright [*In a very solemn tone*]. Ladies, Miss Noodle's appeal is like an agonizing cry from the cradle of the human race. And now, ladies—before I forget it—I must warn you against mentioning, this year, a dear old platitude which we have used with telling effect a hundred thousand times. Please, please do not say any-

thing about the vast hordes of disreputable, immoral women who will rush to the polls and contaminate the pure wives and mothers while they are voting.

MISS MOORE. But I understood you to say that the pure wives and mothers will never vote.

MRS. ALLRIGHT. Please, Miss Moore, this is very important. Ladies, it seems that in those dreadful places where women vote now—[*Women cover their faces with their hands and groan.*] The disreputable women are as bitterly opposed to woman suffrage as the womanly women are.

MRS. PURE-DRIVEL. Infamous! How dare a disreputable woman pretend to have a womanly feeling!

MISS NOODLE. Why is that, Dearie?

MRS. ALLRIGHT [*Coughing, embarrassed*]. Ahem! Ahem! I'd rather you didn't hear the reason they give, child. Please stop up your ears. [MISS NOODLE *puts fingers in her ears.*] They say it will hurt their business —which is to please men.

MISS MOORE: Why, that is your business, too—isn't it, ladies? [*Laughing heartily.*] Well, I must say that is a good joke on you! [*All three visitors laugh uproariously. Antis look at one another amazed.*]

MRS. GRUNDY. Oh, it's too bad we must give up that lovely pipe-dream! It was such an effective argument.

MISS MOORE. You Antis all seem so satisfied with things as they are. Isn't there one right as a woman that any of you would like to claim?

MRS. GROUCH. Yes; there's one right I'd like to have—

MISS MOORE. Good! What is it, Mrs. Grouch?

MRS. GROUCH. The right to look just as God made me. I'd like to be as fat and bald and homely as men have the right to be—and not be expected to apologize

and do penance for it all my life. With all the rights these suffragists are digging up—it's a wonder to me they never thought of the right to be homely. I wish we women could unite and go on strike on this "beauty" business! I believe it would settle the whole "woman" question.

MRS. SWEET. Oh, Mrs. President, if women did that—there wouldn't be any "Beauty Column" on the woman's page of the newspapers. And I just dote on the beauty column.

MISS MOORE. Why, Mrs. Sweet, those "How I Keep Myself Beautiful" articles in the papers are all written by men. They pay the "Beauties" who are supposed to write them a hundred dollars a week for the use of their names. The "Beauties" never even see them. It is a conspiracy between the druggists and the newspaper editors.

MRS. SWEET. Now, that isn't true! My sister-in-law has a neighbor who met a woman at an afternoon tea who told her that she had a cousin who knew a lady once who had a friend who talked with a girl who was a maid to Lillian Russell.

MRS. ALLRIGHT [*Rapping for order*]. Ladies, ladies, please. Mrs. Grouch says she does not care to speak at the Hearing, so I am going to excuse her. But I do hope she will tell us what she intended to say if she had decided to go.

WOMEN. Oh do, Mrs. Grouch—please.

MRS. GROUCH [*Rising*]. Ladies, I know men through and through. I've had eight brothers, two husbands and four sons. Fourteen men in the family has given me all the practice I need in fooling and palavering men. If a woman has only one or two men to practice on she should seize every opportunity, like these Hear-

ings, to keep her hand in. That's how you become experts at the game. Those suffragists are all on to your tricks—but what do you care? If those deluded women think they are going to get anything that men want to keep themselves—let them go ahead and try to get it. You and I know that the way to get things out of men is to throw dust in their eyes by wheedling, coaxing and flattering them. The moment I put my eye on a woman I can tell just how much she knows of the game. You antis are all more or less expert bluffers. That's why I am an anti. I have only one reason for opposing Woman Suffrage. And it is this: I never found any work a man didn't want some woman to help him do—especially the uninteresting, drudgery part of it—never one single thing except voting. And I say—if there's one thing on earth that men want to do all alone, for Heaven's sake, let them do it. Encourage them. [*All the women laugh heartily, but as if Mrs. Grouch was joking.*]

Mrs. Allright. Dear Mrs. Grouch, you are always so amusing! [*To visitors.*] Mrs. Grouch is one of our stanchest members, but she must have her little joke. [*Changing her tone to one of deep significance.*] And now, gentlemen, I have the honor to present to you Mrs. Duncan Pure-Drivel, the Poetess of our Cause.

Mrs. Pure-Drivel [*Rises—amidst great applause. Takes attitude of deference to imaginary men—rolls languishing eyes at them—keeps through her speech the Circe tone and manner of luring men through sex attraction. The manner sexual, the matter she speaks supposedly intellectual, is what brings out the humor of the role*]. Gentlemen, I am a woman. [*Pause.*] Have always been a woman. [*Pause.*] And I pray God, may always remain a woman, so I can tell you how a woman

feels. A woman cannot reason—so she can never understand nor help to make laws. But she has something far higher than reason—a Divine intuition. This Divine intuition is of no use to women outside of the kitchen and nursery, for, infinitely above reason as it is, it cannot comprehend the affairs of state. Yet its discovery by men was a stroke of genius, for it enables them to lay the burden of the morals of the universe on women. This is the spiritual essence of it. A baby girl has within her at the moment of birth the intuitive knowledge of good and evil. So any sin a woman commits is done deliberately, defiantly against the law of her nature. That is why there should be no pity for erring women. Man, it seems, has to learn slowly and painfully by reason what sin is. That is why it is just that men should escape punishment while they are learning the lesson of life. Why the same moral laws cannot be made for men and women. Why a man must be forgiven again and again—even unto the end.

Miss Moore [*Aside to Miss Berry*]. Well, for a divorced woman, I call that triumphant nerve!

Miss Berry. She's looking for number two, remember.

Mrs. Pure-Drivel [*Arranging, with extended finger the imaginary suffragists*]. Those women, for they seem to be women, tho' it is hard to believe it—declare that our morals and our stupidity have been forced on us by men for their own comfort and convenience. I deny it—in the name of womanhood. Our morals and stupidity were given us by God. They are our mysterious lure which no man will ever fathom, yet does not wish to escape. Before Time was—it was decreed by Heaven, that man should speak of woman as his superior, treat her as his inferior. So no more talk of ballots and of

laws. We are satisfied with our empire over the hearts of men. We are content to be queens by Divine right of sex. [*Applause.*]

MISS NOODLE. Wonderful!

MRS. ALLRIGHT. Splendid!

MRS. GRUNDY. Marvelous!

MRS. GROUCH. Perfectly magnificent!

MRS. ALLRIGHT. Mrs. Pure-Drivel, I almost wish I might have put you down to speak last—your effort is so poetical, so original, so irresistibly convincing. But Mrs. Grundy always has the last word—and she is the bulwark of our cause. So, gentlemen, our best beloved leader and supporter, Mrs. Grundy. [*Applause.*]

MRS. GRUNDY [*Rising*]. Gentlemen, I have been your good old friend from time immemorial. The Mrs. Grundys have worked faithfully through all the ages to keep women in their proper spheres. You men couldn't have done it without Mrs. Grundy's help. Don't rise, gentlemen, you overwhelm me with your homage. Keeping women in their proper sphere has never been an easy task, but during the last ten years I have been several times on the point of giving it up as a bad job. Of course, I have kept up a splendid bluff, pretending nothing unusual was happening, but deep within me I know this abominable heresy of woman suffrage is going to be the death of men. And that last news from California—87,000 more women than men registered to vote—has put a crimp in me that never will come out. Now, gentlemen, I have heard all your reasons why women are cutting these capers, but none of you have hit on the right one. It is not education, nor industrial conditions, nor any of the things you lay it to. The trouble began way back in the fourth century, when some mis-

guided Fathers of the Church met together in solemn conclave and decided by a bare majority vote—just one vote, gentlemen—think of it—that woman had a soul. That she was responsible to God—not men—for the deeds done in the flesh. How did such an idea ever come into their heads, you ask? Very simple. They wanted women to support the church and had to offer them a soul to get them interested. Of course, they did not give woman a soul of her own. They gave her only as much of a soul as it was safe and convenient for her to have. The kind of one they could take back if it didn't work right. They knew the innate stupidity of woman. They were perfectly sure she would go on piling up the power and glory and profit of men in the church and never once think of sharing in it. And so she did for fifteen centuries, when suddenly a woman arose, alone and unaided, who, without asking permission of any Pope, or offering to share any power or glory with men, put herself at the head of a new religion —Mary Baker Eddy. Now, what has happened in the church is going to happen in the state. If you give women the ballot—if you make them mayors, judges and governors—where will it end? There are a million more women than men. They'll outvote you, finally. Set up a new code of morals. Oh, I know—women are not creative. But oh, they are splendidly imitative. They will give you an imitation of yourselves that will paralyze you. Punish men for sin and let women escape. Give you their names at marriage, so you lose all your identity. Pay you for your work, with love and flattery and keep the hard cash. In short, gentlemen, turn the tables on you. There is only one remedy. You must use it and use it quickly. Take away women's souls! Giving

women souls was the cause of all the trouble. If you can't do that, gentlemen, it is utterly hopeless. [*All the antis are greatly excited over the end of this speech and moaning as if in the face of some great calamity.*]

Mrs. Allright [*Weeping, slightly hysterical*]. Gentlemen, I can hardly control my feelings sufficiently to close our testimony after Mrs. Grundy's awful warning. But dear, dear gentlemen, please do not let them make us sheriffs and aldermen—

Antis [*Going down on knees, with outstretched arms, pleading*]. Oh don't gentlemen, please—

Mrs. Allright. Do not let them make us mayors and governors—

Women [*Still on knees, pleading*]. No, no, gentlemen, please don't, don't.

Mrs. Allright. Save us—oh save us from this awful fate!

Women [*Crying out agonizingly*]. Save us, oh save us, gentlemen!

Mrs. Allright. For we will die—yes, gladly lay down our lives—before we are forced to become senators and presidents. [*Shrieks of horror from the antis.*]

Miss Moore [*After excitement has calmed down a little goes to console* Mrs. Allright]. Oh nonsense, Fanny, there isn't any danger of women being forced into high political offices.

Mrs. Grundy. Yes there is, young woman. At the rate these suffragists are gaining ground— I should not wonder if some one here lived to see a woman president. [*More shrieks from antis and hysterical weeping.*]

Miss Berry [*Shaking hands with* Mrs. Allright]. Good-bye—we must go now. Thank you very much, ladies.

MISS FOSTER. Yes; we have enjoyed it very much.

MRS. ALLRIGHT. Wouldn't you like to join our club?

MISS BERRY. We cannot.

MRS. ALLRIGHT. Why, haven't you decided after what you have heard?

MISS BERRY. Oh yes; we have found out we are suffragists.

WOMEN. Suffragists!

MRS. GROUCH. I knew they were suffragists the minute I put my eyes on them.

MISS MOORE. The other night I told a friend I was going to a suffragist meeting to find out whether I was a suffragist or not. "Don't" she said. "Go to an anti-suffrage meeting; they'll make a suffragist of you at short notice." Everybody says you make more converts to equal suffrage than the suffragists do.

MISS BERRY. Do you always do it so quickly? It is wonderful!

MRS. ALLRIGHT. What are you talking about?

MISS MOORE. Well frankly, ladies, we have discovered your secret.

MRS. ALLRIGHT. Our secret?

MISS MOORE. Yes; and it's awfully clever. I must congratulate you. Ha! Ha!

MISS FOSTER. We thought at first you really meant it all, didn't we? [*Laughs*].

MISS MOORE. Then it dawned on us that it was all a delicious farce.

MRS. ALLRIGHT. A farce?

MISS BERRY. It's a splendid game. To guy the "utterly womanly" so successfully that the most indifferent woman flies to suffrage as a haven of dignity and self respect.

Miss Foster. You and the suffragists are both working together, in different ways, to convert all women to suffrage, aren't you?

Miss Moore. But the crowning joke of all is when you and the suffragists go to a legislative hearing, pretending to be at daggers drawn and convert the men on the committee. For even a man must resent the dose of flattery you plaster over them.

Miss Foster. How do you keep your faces straight, ladies?

Miss Berry. Do you and the suffragists wink at each other when the men are not looking?

Mrs. Allright. What are you women trying to say?

Miss Berry. Oh, don't be afraid. We'll not give it away.

Miss Foster. No, indeed. We will send up all the raw material we can collect for you to make suffragists of.

Miss Moore. We are going right down to enroll ourselves as suffragists; collect some literature, and get busy.

Miss Berry. And we'll tell them at headquarters that they will have to hustle or the antis will have them beaten to a frazzle in making converts to Woman Suffrage! "Votes for Women!"

Guests [*March out as if waving imaginary banners and call out together*]. "Votes for Women!" "Votes for WOMEN!" "Votes for Women!"

Mrs. Grundy. Spies! Those women are spies sent here to trap us.

[*Women crowd about Mrs. Allright, who has collapsed.*]

Miss Noodle. What can we do for you, dearie?

Mrs. Grouch. She needs a good, strong bracer. What do you say to a lemon soda, Fanny?

Mrs. Allright [*Reviving*]. And I called them my friends—such ingratitude!

Mrs. Grouch. To the nearest drug store, ladies. Forward—march! The sodas are on me!

[*Women lead* Mrs. Allright *out—protesting about her friends*.]

# A Woman's Honor

## A Drama in Four Acts

By JOHN A. FRASER

Author of "A Noble Outcast," "Santiago," "Modern Ananias," etc.

**Price, 25 cents**

Seven male, three female characters. Plays two hours. For intense dramatic action, thrilling climaxes, uproarious comedy and a story of absorbing romantic interest, actors, either professional or amateur, will find few plays to equal "A Woman's Honor." With careful rehearsals they will find a sure hit is made every time without difficulty.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

General Mark Lester. A Hero of the Cuban Ten Years' War..Lead
Pedro Mendez. His half brother.....Heavy
Dr. Garcia. Surgeon of the Madaline.....Straight
Gilbert Hall, M. D. In love with Olive.....Juvenile
Robert Glenn. A Wall Street Banker.....Old man
Gregory Grimes. Lester's Private Secretary.....Eccentric Comedy
Ebenezer. Glenn's Butler.....Negro Comedy
Olive } Glenn's } .....Juvenile lead
Sally } Daughters } ..... Soubrette
Maria. Wife of Pedro.....Character

NOTE.—Glenn and Garcia may double.

**Act 1.** The Glenn Mansion, New York City.

**Act 2.** The Isle of Santa Cruz, off San Domingo. One month later.

**Acts 3 and 4.** Lester's home at Santa Cruz. Five months later. Between Acts 3 and 4 one day elapses.

### SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

**Act 1.** Handsome drawingroom at Glenn's. Sally and Ebenezer. "I isn't imputtinent, no, no. Missy." "Papa can't bear Gregory Grimes, but I'm going to marry him, if I feel like it." "Going away?" "I was dizzy for a moment, that was all." "This marriage is absolutely necessary to prevent my disgrace." "General Lester, you are a noble man and I will repay my father's debt of honor." "Robert Glenn is dead."

**Act 2.** Isle of Santa Cruz. "Mark brings his American bride to his home today." "You and I and our child will be no better than servants." "How can I help but be happy with one so good and kind?" "It means that I am another man's wife." "Dat's mine; don't you go to readin' my lub lettahs in public."

**Act 3.** Sitting-room in Lester's house. "What has happened?" "Is my husband safe?" "Break away, give your little brother a chance." "To tell the truth, my heart is breaking." "Debt of duty! and I was fool enough to think she loved me."

**Act 4.** "The illness of the general has an ugly look." "The gossips have it she would rejoice to be rid of her husband." "The Gilbert Hall I loved is dead." "Standing on the brink of the grave, my vision is clearer." "Forgive, and I will devote my life to making you happy in order to repay the debt I owe you—a debt of honor."

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# Diamonds and Hearts

## A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN

**Price, 25 cents**

This play has become one of the most popular in America. The good plot, the strong "heart" interest, and the abundant comedy all combine to make a most excellent drama. "Bub" Barnes is a fine character of the Josh Whitcomb type, and his sister is a worthy companion "bit." Sammy is an excruciatingly funny little darkey. The other characters are good. Fine opportunity for introducing specialties. The play has so many good points that it never fails to be a success.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

BERNICE HALSTEAD, a young lady of eighteen, with an affection of the heart, a love for fun and hatred of arithmetic.....
AMY HALSTEAD, her sister, two years younger, fond of frolic.
INEZ GRAY, a young lady visitor, willing to share in the fun....
MRS. HALSTEAD, a widow, and stepmother of the Halstead girls
HANNAH MARY BARNES, or "Sis," a maiden lady who keeps house for her brother .....
DWIGHT BRADLEY, a fortune hunter and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage.....
DR. BURTON, a young physician.....
SAMMY, the darkey bell-boy in the Halstead house.....
ABRAHAM BARNES, or "Bub," a yankee farmer, still unmarried at forty—a diamond in the rough.....
ATTORNEY; SHERIFF .....

Time of playing, two hours.
Two interior scenes. Modern costumes.

### SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

**Act. 1.** Parlor of the Halstead home. The young doctor. The three girls plot to make his acquaintance. An affection of the heart. "Easy to fool a young doctor," but not so easy after all. The stepmother and her son. The stolen diamonds. The missing will. Plot to win Bernice. "I would not marry Dwight Bradley for all the wealth the world contains." Driven from home.

**Act 2.** Kitchen of the Barnes' farm house. Bub takes off his boots. The new school ma'am. "Supper's ready." "This is our nephew and he's a doctor." Recognition. A difficult problem in arithmetic. The doctor to the rescue. "I'm just the happiest girl in the world." "I've come to pop the question, an' why don't I do it?" Brother and sister. "If it's a heifer, it's teh be mine." The sheriff. Arrested for stealing the diamonds. "Let me knock yer durned head off." The jewels found in Bernice's trunk.

**Act 3.** Parlor of the Halstead home. "That was a lucky stroke—hiding those diamonds in her trunk." The schemer's plot miscarries. Abe and Sammy join hands. The lawyer. "Bully for her." Bradley tries to escape. "No, ye don't!" Arrested. "It means, dear, that you are to be persecuted no more." Wedding presents, and a war dance around them. "It is no trick at all to fool a young doctor."

Address Orders to
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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# Santiago

OR

# For the Red, White and Blue

## A War Drama in Four Acts

By JOHN A. FRASER

Price, 25 cents

### CHARACTERS

Capt. Oscar Hutton, U. S. A. In love with Cora..Leading Juvenile
Lieut. Fisk, U. S. A. In love with his duty.....Juvenile bit
Milton Merry, U. S. N. In love with Bess.....Light Comedy
Lieut. Cristobal, S. A. In love with soldiering.....Straight
Dr. Harrison, Red Cross H. S. In love with surgery.....
.....Straight old man
Elmer Walton, banker. In love with Spanish bonds.....
.....Character old man
Phillip Basset, his stepson. In love with Ysobel.....Juvenile
Fernando Diaz, Walton's cashier, afterwards S. A. In love with Cora ..... Heavy
Beverly Brown, Walton's butler, afterwards Red Cross H. S. In love with chickens.....Negro Comedy
Cornelius Dwyer, Walton's coachman, afterwards U. S. A. In love with "Naygurs".....Irish Comedy
Antonio Carlos, a Cuban planter. In love with Spain.....
.....Character old man
Cora Basset, Walton's stepdaughter. In love with Oscar..Juvenile
Bess Walton, Walton's daughter. In love with Milton.....Ingenue
Ysobel Carlos, Antonio's daughter. In love with Phillip....Juvenile
American Soldiers, American Sailors, Spanish Soldiers, Guerillas.

Actual time of playing, two hours.

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The ball at Walton's, Washington, D. C. Handsome interior.

ACT II. The Red Cross Hospital. First day's battle of Santiago. Exterior.

ACT III. Scene 1.—Interior Guerilla headquarters in the Sierra Cobra, near Santiago. Scene 2.—Exterior. The underbrush of Sierra Cobra. Scene 3.—Fight in the mountain pass, second day's battle of Santiago. Exterior.

ACT IV. Hotel Tacon, Santiago, on the night of the surrender. Interior.

NOTE.—Walton, Dr. Harrison and Carlos may double easily, and the piece played with nine males, three females.

The best Cuban war play ever written. Easy to produce, but very effective. Thrilling situations, fine comedy, intense climaxes. Comic Irishman and Negro. Three magnificent female parts. Picturesque Spanish villain and heroic juvenile lead. No special scenery is required, as every regular theatre, in its ordinary equipment, has every set called for. Adapted to both professional and amateur companies.

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A Collection of jokes arranged for End-Men, both professional and amateur. Never before collected and published in a clear manner and with bright dialogue for End-Men and Interlocutor. They form a book of the newest, most humorous and quaintest matter ever arranged. Any reader may, with assured success, deliver them to any assemblages before whom he may appear.

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# Tompkin's Hired Man

A Drama in Three Acts

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN PRICE, 25 CENTS

This is a strong play. No finer character than Dixey, the hired man, has ever been created in American dramatic literature. He compels alternate laughter and tears, and possesses such quaint ways and so much of the milk of human kindness, as to make him a favorite with all audiences. The other male characters make good contrasts: Tompkins, the prosperous, straightforward farmer; Jerry, the country bumpkin, and Remington, the manly young American. Mrs. Tompkins is a strong old woman part; Julia, the spoiled daughter; Louise, the leading juvenile, and Ruth, the romping soubrette, are all worthy of the best talent. This is a fine play of American life; the scene of the three acts being laid in the kitchen of Tompkin's farm house. The settings are quite elaborate, but easy to manage, as there is no change of scene. We strongly recommend "Tompkin's Hired Man" as a sure success.

## CHARACTERS

Asa Tompkins—A prosperous farmer who cannot tolerate deceit.
Dixey—The hired man, and one of nature's noblemen.
John Remington—A manly young man in love with Louise.
Jerry—A half-grown, awkward country lad.
Mrs. Tompkins—A woman with a secret that embitters her.
Julia—A spoiled child, the only daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins.
Louise—The daughter whom Mr. Tompkins believes to be his own.
Ruth—Mr. Tompkin's niece, and a great romp.

Plays about two hours.

## SYNOPSIS

**Act 1.** Sewing carpet rags. "John and I are engaged." "Well, you can disengage yourself, for you'll never be married." "Mrs. Clark, she's took worse." Who makes the cake? Julia declines to sew carpet rags. "It would ruln my hands for the piano or my painting." Dixey to the rescue. "You take the rags a minute, child, and I'll just give that fire a boost." Dixey's story. "It breaks his heart, but he gives her away, an' he promises never teh let her know as how he's her father." Enter Jerry. "Howdy." John gets a situation in the city. Farewell. "It's a dandy scheme, all the same. We'll have our party in spite of Aunt Sarah." "Oh, I'm so happy." The quartette. Curtain.

**Act 2.** Chopping mince meat. The letter. Louise faints. "How dare you read a paper that does not concern you?" "You have robbed me of my father's love." The mother's story. Dinner. "I swan, I guess I set this table with a pitchfork." "Now, Lambkin, tell Dixey all 'bout it, can't yer?" "It looks zif they'd got teh be a change here purty darned quick, an' zif I'm the feller 'lected teh bring it 'bout." "None o' my bizness, I know, but—I am her father!" "It's love the leetle one wants, not money." "If I'd been a man, I'd never given my leetle gal away." "I'm dead sot on them two prop'sitions." Curtain.

**Act 3.** Dixey builds the fire. "Things hain't so dangerous when everybodys' got his stummick full." The telegram. "It means that Louise is my promised wife." "By what right do you insinuate that there has been treachery under this roof?" "A miserable, dirty, little waif, picked up on the streets, and palmed off upon my father as his child!" "Oh, my wife, your attitude tells a story that breaks my heart." "Yeh druve her to do what she did, an' yeh haint got no right teh blame her now." "Friend Tompkins, a third man has taken our leetie gal an' we've both got teh larn teh git along without her. We kin all be happy in spite o' them two sentimental kids." Curtain.

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# Joe Ruggles
OR
# THE GIRL MINER

## A Comedy Drama in Four Acts

By FRANK J. DEAN

**Price, 25 cents**

Nine male, three female characters. A vigorous, stirring play depicting peculiar types of life in a large city and in the mining districts of the West. The parts of Joe Ruggles, the miner, Hans Von Bush (Dutch dialect), and Richard Hamilton, the scheming villain, all afford opportunity for clever work; while the part of Madge (soubrette), who afterwards assumes the character of Mark Lynch, is an excellent one for a bright young actress.

Scenery—City street, showing R. R. Station; rocky pass, with set cabins; a wood scene, and two plain interiors. Costumes of the day. Time of playing, two and a half hours.

### SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS

**ACT I—Entrance to Railroad Station**

Looking for a victim—Joe Ruggles—"Them galoots is worse than grizzlies"—"Morning papers"—Madge and Bess plying their trades—"Can't you sing Joe a song?"—Hamilton and his pal confer—Tom Howarth gains inportant information—"Don't you dare to lay hands on us!"—Hamilton tries to maintain his authority—"Who's Old Joe!"

**ACT II—Doomsday's Hotel, Dare-devil's Gulch, California**

The landlord secures a guest—Hans disappointed—"Dot is a mistake"—A ghost story—The "Kid and his sister"—"Did I hurt your highness?"—Hans and Doomsday have another talk—Kate Laurel meets the young miner—"Yah, dot vas vot I t'inks"—Madge's disguise penetrated—She recognizes an old enemy—"Now, George Smith, take your choice"—Joe Ruggles as a tramp—"Ef yer think yer can pick on me because I'm han'some ye'll find me ter hum"—Hamilton appears—"Those two youngsters are mine"—The tramp takes a hand.

**ACT III—Wood Scene**

A lively ghost—Hamilton and Smith plan more villainy—Old Joe thinks of turning Detective—Kate Laurel again—"There is a secret connected with my life"—Kate's confession—"What do you mean, sir?"—Tom Howarth once more—"Vos you looking for a hotel?"—Planning an abduction—Old Joe as an Irishman—"Phat does yez want wid me?"—Undertakes to be a detective—Takes a hand in the abduction—"Do it at your peril."

**ACT IV**

Hans hears, and tells, the latest news—"I nefer pelieved dot spook peesness"—Kate Laurel astonished—Hamilton attempts flight—"De poys haf got Mr. Hamilton, und dey vill gif him a necktie barty"—Arrest of Smith—"Get out mit my vay, I vas de United States Mail"—Tom meets his old friend under new circumstances—"Do you want me, Tom?"—Old Joe gives consent—A happy ending.

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# Capt. Racket

## A Comedy in Three Acts

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

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Price, 25 cents

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This play by Mr. Townsend is probably one of his most popular productions; it certainly is one of his best. It is full of action from start to finish. Comic situations rapidly follow one after another, and the act endings are especially strong and lively. Every character is good and affords abundant opportunity for effective work. Can be played by five men and three women, if desired. The same scene is used for all the acts, and it is an easy interior. A most excellent play for repertoire companies. No seeker for a good play can afford to ignore it.

### CHARACTERS

CAPT. ROBERT RACKET, one of the National Guard. A lawyer when he has nothing else to do, and a liar all the time.....Comedy lead

OBADIAH DAWSON, his uncle, from Japan, "where they make tea".....Comedy old man

TIMOTHY TOLMAN, his friend, who married for money, and is sorry for it.....Juvenile man

MR. DALROY, his father-in-law, jolly old cove.....Eccentric

HOBSON, waiter from the "Cafe Gloriana," who adds to the confusion .....Utility

CLARICE, the Captain's pretty wife, out for a lark, and up to "anything awful".....Comedy lead

MRS. TOLMAN, a lady with a temper, who finds her Timothy a vexation of spirit.....Old woman

KATY, a mischievous maid.....Soubrette

TOOTSY, the "Kid," Tim's olive branch.....Props.

### SYNOPSIS

Act I. Place: Tim's country home on the Hudson near New York. Time: A breezy morning in September. The Captain's fancy takes a flight and trouble begins.

Act II. Place: the same. Time: the next morning. How one yarn requires another. "The greatest liar unhung." Now the trouble increases and the Captain prepares for war.

Act III. Place: the same. Time: Evening of the same day. More misery. A general muddle. "Dance or you'll die." Cornered at last. The Captain owns up. All serene.

Time of playing: Two hours.

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# The Spinsters' Convention
## (The Original Old Maids' Convention)

**Price, 25 cents**

An evening's entertainment which is always a sure hit and a money-maker. Has been given many hundred times by schools, societies and churches, with the greatest success. An evening of refined fun. It requires from twelve to twenty ladies and two gentlemen, although ladies may take the two male parts. A raised platform with curtains at the back is all the stage requires, but a fully equipped opera stage may be utilized and to great advantage.

Ridiculous old maid costumes, with all their frills and furbelows, their cork-screw curls, mittens, work bags, bird cages, etc., are the proper costumes. Later on in the program some pretty young women in modern evening dress are required. The latter should each be able to give a number of a miscellaneous program, that is, be able to sing, play some instrument, dance, whistle or recite well.

This entertainment utilizes all sorts of talent, and gives each participant a good part. Large societies can give every member something to do.

**SYNOPSIS**

Gathering of the Members of the Society—The Roll-Call—The Greeting Song—Minutes of the last meeting—Report of The Treasurer—Music: "Sack Waltz"—A paper on Woman's Rights—Song: "No One to Love, None to Caress."—Reading of "Marriage Statistics"—The Advent of the Mouse—Initiation of two Candidates into the Society—The Psalm of Marriage—Secretary's Report on Eligible Men—A Petition to Congress—Original Poem by Betsy Bobbett—Song: "Why Don't the Men Propose?"—Report of The Vigilance Committee—An Appeal to the Bachelors—Prof. Make-over—The Remodelscope.-Testimonials—The Transformation and a miscellaneous program.

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# The Outcast's Daughter A Drama in Four Acts

By MARION EDDY PRICE, 25 CENTS

Ten male, five female and one child characters. Plays two and one-half hours. Modern costumes. Three interior, one exterior scenes, all easily arranged where there is any scenery at hand. No stronger melodrama has been given the play-loving public. Full of the strongest appealing heart interest, intense, pathetic, real life, where joy and laughter are mingled with pathos and suffering, but all ending happily. A melodrama without a villain or the use of firearms. Amateurs may play it successfully, it plays itself, and it is adapted to strong repertoire companies.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Carl Faber.....An ex-convict
Howard Ross.....A manufacturer
Dennis Hogan.....Servant to Ross
Abel.....Gardener to Ross
Judge Havens.....Of the police court
Recorder.....Of the police court
Lettner.....Clerk of police court
Second Court Clerk.....Clerk of police court
Two policemen.....
Little Hugo.....Agatha's child
Agatha Steme.....Ross' bookkeeper
Ida Rheinhold.....A retired singer
Mrs. Wilmuth.....A washerwoman
Katie.....Factory girl
Frances.....Factory girl

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

**Act 1.** Ross' private office. "What has given me the honor of this visit?" "I will never sing again. My life has been a sad failure." "Good God! My mother!" "I have done wrong, I confess, but when a mother asks, a child must forgive. Oh, Mr. Ross, help me." "You, my rich and famous mother, to you I was nothing, and you—you are nothing—nothing to me." "Agatha! Agatha! My child! My child!"

**Act 2.** Agatha's attic. "My poor father. So young and strong. How I could have loved him." "Yes, Katie is right, I have nothing but bread for my sweet child." "Madam, I vould lie if I say she vas anything but a lady." "On the other side, towards the garden, there are a few rooms I have never used. If you will take them——" "You do not look like a man who could commit murder. How was it?" "I was a weak man and many misfortunes made me desperate." "My picture! I must be mad." "You are good, child, but you shall not call me father." "Father! Father!"

**Act 3.** Ross' Garden. "He is so good to me, but I cannot forget my poor unhappy father." "The picture was taken when I was young. He shall have it." "Stay here and be my wife." "That suspicious old man is in the garden." "For her I sacrificed everything." "Do you want to go to prison again?" "My father needs me to defend and comfort him."

**Act 4.** A Police Court. "Do not ask me, your honor—I am an ex-convict." "Your silence will not help you." "It vas dark und Mrs. Steme vas that scared she vas faint." "I hope, sor, yer honor believes in a future life, sor." "He wished to see his child; I am his child." "Grandfather, we love you." "I am his wife. Do not condemn him."

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# Hageman's Make-Up Book

## By MAURICE HAGEMAN

### Price, 25 cents

The importance of an effective make-up is becoming more apparent to the professional actor every year, but hitherto there has been no book on the subject describing the modern methods and at the same time covering all branches of the art. This want has now been filled. Mr. Hageman has had an experience of twenty years as actor and stage-manager, and his well-known literary ability has enabled him to put the knowledge so gained into shape to be of use to others. The book is an encyclopedia of the art of making up. Every branch of the subject is exhaustively treated, and few questions can be asked by professional or amateur that cannot be answered by this admirable hand-book. It is not only the best make-up book ever published, but it is not likely to be superseded by any other. It is absolutely indispensable to every ambitious actor

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